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The Pathfinder

JUNE, 1907

The Way—A Morality

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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Among papers that have appeared in THE REVIEW and have attracted wide attention, the following may be mentioned: *National Life and Character*, by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt; *What Becomes of Our Trade Balances?* by W. H. Allen; *An Academic Sermon*, by Professor W. P. Trent, etc., etc.

Address

THE SEWANEE REVIEW
Sewanee, Tennessee

The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in *little* devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT
CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE } *Associate Editors*
EDWIN WILEY

TIT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

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PUBLISHERS' PAGE

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT
CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE
EDWIN WILEY } *Associate Editors*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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The subscription price is Fifty Cents a year, or Seventy-five Cents when sent to a foreign country, and unless otherwise directed subscriptions will begin with the current volume. Single copies are Ten Cents.

All communications, except those of a business character, should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.

Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.

MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

* * *



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*. This edition contains the Introduction, written with insight and appreciation by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, the head of the Department of Modern Languages at The University of the South. The book is a cap octavo, the page being four and one-quarter by seven inches, printed with black ink from Caslon type, the title-page and colophon being rubricated. The architectonic border of the title-page and the several initial letters in outline were drawn specially for this book.

A special edition of ten copies was printed on Japan paper, bound in full morocco boards, lettered in gold and lined with silk. These copies were illuminated by the Sister Superior of the Order of S. Mary in the State of Tennessee. The price of these were \$10 each, and they were all subscribed for before the book was published.

The Regular Edition consisted of 250 copies, printed on Strathmore deckle-edged paper, bound in boards covered with blue-gray French hand-made paper, with white backs, the title being printed with gold-leaf. Of the 225 copies which were for sale at \$2 each, a small number is yet available. The book will make a choice gift for birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, and at Easter and Christmas time. All who are in any way interested in fine book-making should possess themselves of this little volume.

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SEWANEE TENNESSEE

The Pathfinder

Vol. I]

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[No. 12]

IF LOVE SHOULD FAIL

By MARY ARNOLD LEWISOHN

Belovèd, if at last thy love should fail,
Though thy dear hands loose not their hold of mine,
Though thy deep eyes, clear-seeing to divine
My soul's desires look on me still nor quail
Beneath my steadfast gaze—naught would avail,
For with love's subtlety I mark each sign,
Mine eyes would see the doom of love in thine,
Belovèd, if at last thy love should fail.

Ere thy love fail, let me be blind and mute;
Be merciful and slay me ere mine eyes
Behold such change, let me go down to death
Believing in a love as absolute
As the Eternal—ere thy passion dies,
O let thy dear lips kiss away my breath.

PERUGINO

By GEORGE B. ROSE

There are few men whose fame is more secure than that of Pietro Vannucci, surnamed Il Perugino. It rests upon two foundations; he is the greatest of devotional painters and the greatest of the early masters of landscape.

I say devotional, not religious. There are works like Leonardo's *Last Supper*, Titian's *Assumption*, Raphael's *Sistine Madonna* and Rubens' *Descent from the Cross* which in the field of religious art attain a strength and mastery that Perugino could never reach. But as the creator of works that are suited to devotional contemplation, of works that can be taken into the closet in the hour of prayer and that aid the worshiper to become at one with the Deity, he has no rival. If I were asked what is the most perfect devotional picture in the world I should say without hesitation, the *Crucifixion* in Santa Maria Madalena dei Pazzi at Florence. It is a large picture, its three divisions covering the wall of the refectory. But there are only six figures; in the centre the Christ on the Cross, with the Magda-

len kneeling at his feet, on the right St. John and St. Benedict, on the left the Madonna and St. Bernard. How different is it from the ghostly crucifixions of the North, where the sole effort is to bring out the physical agony of the crucified Redeemer and the frantic grief of his disciples. Over all there reigns a peace that passeth understanding. Not agony is there, but resignation. The picture speaks not of torments endured, but of the work of love that has been accomplished, of the atonement that has been wrought, of the peace that has descended on the tortured soul of man, there to abide forever. The saints scarcely seem conscious of one another's presence. Each is wrapped in his own sad, sweet thoughts, sad because of the pain that their Master has undergone, sweet because of the vision of his everlasting glory that fills their souls. Faces so peaceful, so inspired, so irradiated with the light of faith and hope and celestial love, are not elsewhere to be seen. And behind them is a landscape exactly suited to the spirit of the picture; not the bleak, skull-strewn rock of Golgotha that we so often see, but a far-reaching verdant prospect with here and there a slender tree whose scant and delicate foliage is silhouetted against the sky—the very abode of peace.

This is Perugino's master piece and one of the greatest masterpieces of all time; and he painted not a few others that are worthy to stand beside it. But no artist of such transcendent powers was ever content to be so often unworthy of himself. From his workshop he turned out innumerable pictures, thin, weak, watery, with a stereotyped expression and no sense of convincing reality. Whether he painted them with his own hand carelessly and in haste, thinking only of the gold that they would bring to his itching palm, or whether they are the work of pupils painting from his designs, we cannot say; but that they were sold as the product of his brush we know, and the great similarity in their style makes us believe that they were often painted by the master himself. They are strong evidence of the truth of the charge of sordid avarice that Vasari brings against him. It seems inconceivable that the man who has the most ethereal conception of the devotional spirit of any that ever wrought with brush or pencil should be stained with such a vice; but when we consider the case of Turner and compare his niggardly career with the glorious visions of peace and beauty that he threw upon the canvas, we perceive that there may be slight connection be-

tween a man's personal character and his artistic soul. As long as Perugino could find a purchaser for these poor, weak, hasty productions, as long as he could get them off on an undiscerning patron in fulfillment of a commission that had been given in expectation of better things, he was eager to do so, if we may believe Vasari. Perhaps he was more honest; perhaps he gave to his pictures a care and attention proportioned to the price paid; but however that may be, he turned out a vast amount of worthless stuff that fills all the galleries of Europe, and is apt to give the traveler too low an estimate of his power. But when he is worthy of himself those powers are very great. It is a narrow field that he occupies in his study of character. The dramatic, the passionate, the intense, the deeply human, the sensuously beautiful, the playful, the humorous, the homely are all beyond his scope. In the presentation of devotional ecstasy he is inferior to Fra Angelico; but in depicting sweet religious fervor and resignation to the divine will he has no equal. He has never been better characterized than in the words of Ruskin: "Every color is lovely and every space is light. The world, the universe is divine; all sadness is a part of harmony, and all gloom a part of peace."

The strangest thing about Perugino is the aloofness of his figures. No matter how numerous they are, no matter how skilfully disposed to form an agreeable whole, each stands spiritually alone, wrapped in his own sad, sweet thoughts, thinking only of our Lord's piteous death and glorious resurrection, and not even aware of one another's presence. All the elements of a drama may be there, but they are never grasped, and we have instead a series of beautiful elegies.

Perugino's high rank as a Christian artist has never been questioned; but it is only of late years that the world has come to realize that he is one of the great masters of landscape. In his pictures he always subordinates the landscape to the figures, asserting in a most convincing way man's preeminence over nature. Much as he loves the landscape background, carefully as he paints it, it remains always a background, a mere setting for the figures, on whom he focuses our attention. But if you should take the figures away from most of his best works you would still have a masterpiece—a landscape which in some qualities was never to be equaled save by Claude Lorraine and Turner.

It was natural that he should be a master of landscape; for his Umbrian home is the paradise

of the landscape painter. There is in the world probably no other region of equal extent that offers so many views combining a sense of infinite space with the feeling of perfect peace. It is a land of hills and valleys and mountains ; hills whose every contour is a poem ; broad, deep valleys down which you can gaze into endless distance ; mountains blue and far-away that do not shut in the view, but suggest limitless vistas still beyond ; and the whole is suffused with a spirit of unspeakable peace ; so that as one looks forth from Perugia's or Assisi's battlements, the heart ceases to ache and a holy calm descends upon the soul. Many are they who have found in the beauty of this Umbrian land forgetfulness of grief, but no one has ever expressed as Perugino has its message of peace and good will to men. The feeling of serenity has never been bodied forth more perfectly than in these landscapes of his. It is not the calm, strong, self-centred serenity of the Greeks ; it is an exquisite, delicate serenity which speaks of unquestioning submission to the will of God.

And it is these wonderful landscapes that give to his pictures half their devotional power. Nothing so exalts the soul as a far-reaching prospect ; nothing gives such a feeling of the infinite.

No landscapes have ever been painted that possessed a greater sense of space than Perugino's. The horizon line is always low, showing that the master has been accustomed to look out from lofty eminences. The canvas is never crowded, but the objects stand well apart, leading the eye on from point to point till it is lost in boundless distance. Exquisitely finished, with every detail perfect, all the parts coalesce to form a faultless whole. Such landscapes as one sees behind the *Pavia Altarpiece* of the National Gallery, the *Madonna in Adoration* of the Pitti, or the *Virgin Appearing to St. Bernard* at Munich, with their clear beauty, their admirable harmony and their wonderful spaciousness, have rarely been equaled and perhaps never surpassed in their way.

It is probably true that the spirit of devotion, so fervent in the Middle Ages, is dying out, and that religion now manifests itself rather in work than in ecstasy; and the time may come when the figures in Perugino's pictures will make no appeal to our minds. But the love of natural beauty is perennial in the human breast, and these exquisite landscapes, so delicate, so finished, so spacious, so filled with peace and quiet joy, will insure to Perugino a perpetuity of fame.

*THE WAY—A MORALITY**By LUDWIG LEWISOHN*

SCENE: An apparently endless plain. East, West, North, South, the infinite distances blend with the sky, which seems with its curved horizons a vast inverted cup, near whose rim glows the setting sun. As the scene progresses, the sun disappears beyond the edge of the world. Two travelers slowly cross the plain. In their eyes dwells the shadow of dying hope. They are both young.

First Traveler:

I am cold.

Second Traveler:

The night-winds will blow soon
Under the pallor of the moon;
Yet am I glad of the dying sun.
The eternal pageantry goes on,
Giving our vision no release,
Our hearts no rest, but the moon's white,
Gentler than the sun's crimson light,
Falls like a prophecy of peace.

First Traveler:

A lying omen! Lies, lies, lies!
The treason of phantasmal skies
Still lures you to a bitterer fate:
To dream, to hope, to yearn, to wait
For miracles of mountain heights,
Shadows of foliage, fields of grain,
And from afar the ruddy lights

That mark the kindly homes of men.
Have we not sought by all the gleams
Of all the solitary stars?
Has not the fiery torch of Mars
Appeared to lead us in our dreams?
But we are in a land of lies,
We have followed phantoms; we have seen
The barren plain thrice mock the green
Of happier fields, until our eyes
Grow dim, our voices mute at length.
Hope not: in hopelessness is strength.
We shall not find the path again.

Second Traveler:

Nay, then, if hope and strife be vain,
There still is left the bounty of
The patient and oblivious mould
That will inscrutably enfold
Despair and gladness, hate and love.
The path being lost, we still can die.

First Traveler:

And rot beneath the irony
Of stars and the implacable sky?
From agony and from defeat
Wring not one smile with which to greet
The jesting Gaoler of the Whole?
Barren of hope I shall watch on
The revolutions of the sun
Through stinging cold and throttling heat,
And with undaunted forehead meet
The extreme fate.

Second Traveler:

Peace, peace; you brawl
Like a wave on a forgotten shore . . .

Hark, did you hear that faint, far call
Come through the dusk?

First Traveler:

One phantom more!

Second Traveler:

It comes! A vision?

First Traveler:

Mine eyes burn
Still with the glare of day.

Second Traveler:

Behold!

Look but that way and you discern
A form, silver of beard and old,
Bearing a great peace in its eyes,
A messenger of hope—

First Traveler:

And lies!

Second Traveler:

He stands before us!

Old Man:

Wanderers,

Children of the World, you who have passed
Hither where only the wind stirs,
Why shame with profane words the vast
And august sanctuary of night?

Second Traveler:

We have lost the path.

First Traveler:

And found no light
Of earth or heaven to guide our feet;
Shall we sit on the ground and beat
The pitiless rocks with bleeding hands?

Old Man:

I have met wanderers from all lands,
Myself a wanderer. Unto these,
Defiant, desperate, or weak,
I have proclaimed the mysteries
That overhang the pathway.

Second Traveler:

Speak!

Old Man:

I too in immemorial years
Have sought the path. With prayers, with tears,
With curses . . . Wisdom led me on—
A dancing fool beneath the sun
Mocking the Eternal Silence. Wide
I spread the cunning of my pride.
I made the stars my counselors,
The flowing of water was my guide.
Far from the sound of human wars
I read the signs of earth and sky—

First Traveler:

And found the path?

Old Man:

Nay, but put by
The foolish seeking; said no more:
Yonder the Euxine waves must rise,

Beyond those farther stars must lie
 Propontic gulf and estuaries,
 And marshes of the Asian shore.
 I marked no more the birds in flight,
 But in the taciturnity
 Of the impenetrable night
 Took counsel with the soul of me.

Second Traveler:

And learned?

Old Man:

That of far way-faring
 The end is weariness alone;
 That from man's cunning no good thing
 Grows, but that hearts become as stone
 In endless searching of the path,
 And we, the fools of petty wrath,
 Sink unto earth with barren moan.
 Thus, where the trackless plain soars high
 Unto the glory of the West,
 Where sunsets bleed, stars gather, I
 Set up mine everlasting rest.
 What of the way? All strife and cry
 So far, so faint, so strange have grown . . .
 The constellations are mine own,
 And chambers of Eternity.
 What of the way? Unto my soul
 Speech of the Universal Whole
 Soft as the dusk of Summer stole:
 The path *is!* Seek it not to find
 With eyes for all their seeing blind,
 And the poor body of this death.
 Name not with transitory breath
 The enduring city of our dreams,

Whose pinnacles no earthly beams
Shall mirror, from whose lyric towers
No shadow falls on mortal hours.

First Traveler:

We seek the homes of men and not
A spiritual city.

Old Man:

I forgot,
As I have forgotten all in the sun
That passes . . .

Second Traveler:

Up! ere he be gone.

First Traveler:

Let be!

Second Traveler:

I follow him, for he
Has found a truer path than we
Have sought for; in immortal day
Has found—The Life, The Truth, The Way!

*WHERE THE KENNEBUNK MEETS
THE SEA*

By FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

Past leagues of shining bay leaves,
 And leagues of silvery firs,—
 Here the white wave churns,
 And the flashing terns
 Are Neptune's messengers,
 As they dip and soar
 Off the windy shore,
 Or speed tow'r'd the golden West.

Oh, here to rest,
 On a knoll's soft breast,
 Is Paradise for me!
 Just to dream above,
 With one I love,
 Where the Kennebunk meets the Sea!



MAN'S BILL OF RIGHTS

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE

“Hereafter,”—so the message ran
 We sent King George across the sea,—
 “It is our just, God-given plan
 To rule ourselves in probity.”

And as, in new-found trust and strength,
 The nation started on its way,
 So still must each, from self, at length,
 Proclaim his Independence Day.

*SOME IBSEN ANECDOTES**By DANIEL KILHAM DODGE*

Five years ago, while walking along one of the side streets of Christiania, I saw approaching me a short, heavy-set man, with bushy hair and whiskers, dressed in the latest Norwegian style and walking with a deliberation that seemed almost affected. He looked neither to the right nor the left and seemed wholly engrossed in his own thoughts. Just before reaching me he entered an apothecary's shop. There was no difficulty in recognizing Christiania's first citizen and Norway's greatest dramatist, Dr. Henrik Ibsen. An extreme fastidiousness in dress was one of the striking characteristics of the elder Ibsen. A friend from the Munich days of twenty years ago relates that when he called on the poet in his lodgings in the morning Ibsen was always dressed as if he were about to make a formal call. This is in marked contrast to the Grimstad period, when the young apothecary's assistant, for the sake of economy, went without an overcoat on the coldest of days, apparently quite indifferent to outward appearance as well as to inner comfort.

The same friend tells of meeting Ibsen one day and failing to receive any return to his usual greeting. After this had happened several times Fru Ibsen was consulted, in order to learn if any offense had been unwittingly committed. "Oh, no," was the reply, "Ibsen is very fond of you, but he is engaged on *Rosmersholm*. He pays no attention to anyone but the characters, with whom he lives and breathes. When he is working out the plan of a piece, and that takes from three to four months, I never exchange a word with him except good morning and good night." This story shows incidentally that Fru Ibsen must be a very remarkable woman.

That Ibsen could express his feelings freely on occasions is shown by a report of a conversation on the Norwegian character. "The magnificent but stern nature that surrounds the people in Norway, the lonesomeness and isolation in which they live, compel them to be self-engrossed. It makes them reflective, serious, skeptical and often despairing. In Norway almost everyone is something of a philosopher. And then besides there are the long, dark winters. It would be good for them to see a little more sun. That is why I am so fond of Rome. The sky, the sun, the happy, merry people,—it is all

so beautiful. Rome is the only city to live in. And if one cannot live in Rome, then Munich, which is closely related to it."

The following description of the inner Ibsen is worth quoting, because it bears the earmarks of truth. "Superficial observers, who have had only a slight acquaintance with him, have given an entirely wrong impression of his character. He has been described as a bitter misanthrope, a cold, unapproachable man. This does not at all apply to him, at least not during his life in Munich. I learned to know him and to love him as a man with unbounded goodness of heart, as a helpful nature, as a noble character. I shall always retain in my heart the picture of him as the powerful, all-embracing spirit and the great and pure man."

To the Danish novelist, Herman Bang, Ibsen once said : "I write my plays as I wish and afterwards I let the actors play them as they can." As a rule he seems to have expressed very little enthusiasm about the interpreters of his characters. A writer in a Danish newspaper states that only one actor ever commanded his absolute admiration and endorsement, the Norwegian, Constance Bruun. Of her he said, "She rendered with deep understanding what I thought; she died

quite young, consumed by her art." To another Norwegian actress, Fru Dybwad, he said, "With that Hilda Wangel you can travel round the world."

Finally, an amusing little anecdote from the stay in Rome, showing the proper pride of the man. Two of the Swedish princes happened to be in the Eternal City at that time and King Oscar, whose interest in letters is as catholic as it is intelligent, wrote to the Swedish Minister at Rome that he would be pleased to have his sons meet the poet. Accordingly his Excellency, who had his own ideas of social distinctions, invited Ibsen to come to tea after the formal dinner given in honor of the princes. In reply Ibsen sent his card, containing the words, "I never drink tea."



SONG

By MARY ARNOLD LEWISOHN

Kiss me good-night!
By love alone attended,
Thy glances bright
Shall lead me to my rest;
Low flames the West
And happy day is ended—
Kiss me good-night.

*TO WEALTH AND FAME**By SAMUEL A. JACOBSON*

Would'st be a man of wealth?
Then work and toil and strive.
Fear not to soil thy hands,
But do the work which comes to thee,
As well as thou know'st how.
Know thou that drone nor sluggard e'er
Gained wealth nor yet renown;
But lived their days of indolence and ease,
And railed and swore, and cursed those who,
More fleet of foot than they,
Had stripped them in the race.
'Tis ever been since time began
An uphill tortuous path;
Much strewn with shattered hope,
And littered too with bones of those,
Who stumbled by the way and fell,
To rise no more.
But youth, take heart for 'tis yet said
That at the summit there is room
For thee, and others kin to thee,
Who have no fear, and dare yet work and toil
and strive
To reach that envied goal.

About Our Contributors

Mary Arnold Lewisohn was born in London. She has spent most of her life in New York. She is known through her contributions to the leading American magazines. Her home is in Charleston, S. C.

Ludwig Lewisohn: *vide THE PATHFINDER*, Vol. 1, No. 2.

Warwick James Price: *vide THE PATHFINDER*, Vol. 1, No. 9.

Daniel Kilham Dodge: *vide THE PATHFINDER*, Vol. 1, No. 5.

Fanny Runnells Poole: *vide THE PATHFINDER*, Vol. 1, No. 9.

G. B. Rose: *vide THE PATHFINDER*, Vol. 1, No. 2.

Estelle Duclo: *vide THE PATHFINDER*, Vol. 1, No. 6.

Samuel A. Jacobson, attorney, resides in New York.

Recent Publications

JOHN OXENHAM.—*The Long Road*. A tale of epic breadth with its grim elemental hate and naive note of love. Stepan Iline in his Slavic environment is a character that will long haunt the imagination of romance. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

KATHERINE TYNAN.—*The Story of Bawn*. In the mishaps of this pretty Irish lass is early foreshadowed the great *mayhap* of all romances of love; in the achievement of which the author has spun a tale of great beauty and profound insight into Irish life. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 1907.

JACK LONDON.—*Before Adam*. With this novel is completed that powerful trilogy of elemental life which

this forceful young writer began in *The Call of the Wild*, and continued with *White Fang*. Nowhere in his work perhaps does London's genius reveal more clearly that criticism has a new force to deal with in letters. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

HENRY M. LYMAN, M.D.—*Hawaiian Yesterdays*. A narrative of a boy's life born in the islands in the early days of last century. In the description of the islands and the account of the life of a missionary among the natives the writer suggests in places the style of *Paul and Virginia*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 1906.

ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.—*Freedom in the Church*. The writer attributes the misconception of and lack of faith in certain fundamental beliefs of the Church, e. g. that of the Incarnation and the Virgin-birth, to an early misinterpretation of these things in the Ancient Church rather than entirely to the "higher criticism" or "scientific distrust" of our own time. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

CHARLES EDWYN VAUGHAN, M.A. (Oxon).—*The Romantic Revolt*. A very scholarly treatment of one of the most interesting periods in the field of comparative literature, to the study of which this excellent series under the editorship of Professor Saintsbury is devoted. Of the countries discussed Germany receives naturally the fullest treatment. At the close of each chapter is given for the general reader a very helpful bibliography. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE.—*Studies in Pictures*. A most helpful and suggestive hand-book to the student and lover of the masterpieces of painting. The little book gives in a very sane manner a world of information about painting and pictures, many of the most famous of which are used for illustration à propos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

THE SEWANEE PRESS has issued in a beautifully printed form the address which the Secretary of War, the Honorable WILLIAM H. TAFT, delivered at the Union League Club of Chicago on Washington's Birthday. The address, setting forth in clear phrases the well-known but frequently misinterpreted policy of the present National Administration with respect to national defense, is here preserved in fitting form.

The type used is a bold modern roman letter, and the pages of attractive antique-finished paper are 6 x 9 inches in size.

The edition consists of six hundred copies. Four hundred and seventy-five copies have been bound in stiff wrapper-covers, the price of which is Fifty Cents each. One hundred and twenty-five copies have been bound in limp leather and these will be sold at Two Dollars a copy.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF
SEWANEE TENNESSEE

South Atlantic Quarterly

DURHAM, N. C.

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SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY
DURHAM, N. C.

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